

# The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &amp;c.

Vol. XIX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1883.

No. 41.

## NEWBERRY, Friday, OCT. 19!

### SELLS BROTHERS ENORMOUS RAILROAD SHOWS NOW ALL UNITED IN ONE VAST and COLOSSAL EXHIBITION



NO OTHER SHOW HAS ONE OF THESE FEATURES!

HERDS OF ASIATIC ELEPHANTS	A DRIVE OF GIRAFFES
NINE AFRICAN ELEPHANTS	A WHOLE FLOCK OF OSTRICHES
THE ONLY WOOLY ELEPHANT	A FIVE TON RHINOCEROS
A SCHOOL OF SEA LIONS	FIVE BENGAL TIGERS
A SCHOOL OF SEA LIONS	PERFORMING ZEBRAS
A BLUE NOSE MANDRILL	THE ONLY LION SLAYER
BRAZILIAN TAMINOIR	HUGE GORILLAS
TWO HORNS HORSES	AFRICAN ELANDS
KANGAROOS	POLAR BEARS
NYL SHAU	BLACK VARKES
BABBOONS	APES
COLONIES OF MONKEYS	MYRIADS OF BIRDS
100 Artists	20 CLOWNS
10 Great Riders	20 GLADYRIDERS
6 Bands of Music	20 Gold Charlottes
Troupe of Aerobats	24 Great LEAPERS
SCORES OF ACROBATS	7 TROUPE OF GYMNASTS
STRONGEST MAN LIVING	7 PERFORMING STALLIONS
STIRK BICYCLE TROUPE	Prof. WHITE'S DOG CIRCUS
6 FRENCH EQUESTRIENNES	3 MILES OF FRENCH FAMILY
MOST GORGEOUS PAGEANT	3 MILES OF STREET DISPLAY
50 CAGES OF ANIMALS	A THOUSAND MEN AND HORSES
THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE REVIVED	A GUTTERING ROYAL MARCH
GLISTENING WITH GOLD AND SILVER	A THOUSAND COSTLY BANNERS

LOOK! A PAIR OF LIVING HIPPOPOTAMI, MALE & FEMALE

Notwithstanding the enormous expense attending so vast an Exhibition, the Admission is not more than small Shows charge

### Specific Remedies for Woman's Woes.

#### BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

Is a result of a skillful and scientific combination of the special class of medicines known to act specifically on the womb and uterine organs; and is therefore a special remedy for all diseases pertaining to the female system. Its great efficacy in cases of suppressed or painful menstruation, the Whites, and Partial Protrusion, stands unchallenged. In these cases it affords immediate relief, and permanently restores the menstrual function, and thus protects woman from a long train of disastrous consequences. As an unending remedy to be used during that critical period known as "Change of Life," this invaluable preparation has no rival.

PRICE—Small size, 75c; Large size, \$1.50.



#### MOTHER'S FRIEND.

##### QUICK AND EASY CHILD-BIRTH.

This is an inestimable boon to all child-bearing women. When applied according to direction it ensures a safe, quick and comparatively painless delivery. Thousands of women over the land gratefully testify to the wonderful effects of this great remedy. It not only shortens labor and eases the intensity of pain, but better than all other remedies it diminishes the danger to life of both laborer and child. This great boon to suffering women is *Holmes' Lactation*, or *Mother's Friend*.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sent by Express on receipt of the price.

Solely sold by all Druggists.

THIS REMEDY PREPARED ONLY BY  
**J. BRADFIELD,**  
No. 108 S. Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.

For Soldiers on any disease, wound or injury. Free. Yes, \$10. Bounty. Back Pay. Discharges for Deserters, etc., procured. 14 years experience. Address C. M. STEWART, 604 F St., Washington, D. C.

### Mercury.

Has been more destructive to human health and life than any pestilence and famine combined. So said a distinguished writer many years ago, and it is as true to-day as then. The pestilence of blood disease is dragged with Mercury to cure the malady, and then does with iodine to cure the blood. It breaks down the general health and makes him a cripple, and the other ruins his digestive system. When I had taken twelve bottles I felt as well as ever. It is now twelve months since I took S. S. S. My health and appetite are good, and I am able to attend to all the business I can get.

CHAS. BERG, Hot Springs, Ark.

Five years ago I found on my plantation a colored man who was badly diseased. He stated that he was before he had contracted a violent case of Blood Poison. He had been treated by many physicians, all failing to cure him. I treated him with S. S. S., and in a short time he was sound and well, and has not had a symptom of the disease since.

D. M. HUGHES.

Mercury Rheumatism made me a cripple. After trying the Hot Springs two years, and the Mercury and Potash treatment until I was a skeleton and unable to do anything, I use prevailed upon to take a course of S. S. S. After taking three bottles my appetite began to improve, and I gained flesh rapidly. When I had taken twelve bottles I felt as well as ever. It is now twelve months since I took S. S. S. My health and appetite are good, and I am able to attend to all the business I can get.

CHAS. BERG, Hot Springs, Ark.

**\$1000 REWARD**  
Will be paid to any Chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles S. S. S., any particle of Mercury, Iodine Potassium, or any mineral substance.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.  
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Write for the little book, which will be mailed free.  
Price: Small size, \$1.00 per bottle; Large size, \$1.50 per bottle. All druggists sell it.

### Poetry.

#### YOUTH AND AGE.

When hearts are young and lightsome,  
The road is straight and clear,  
And round about on every side  
How bright all things appear!  
The dulcet music charms us then,  
We laugh and know not why;  
The flowers upon our path,  
They look too bright to die.

When hearts are old and weary,  
The road is twisted sore,  
And there is little to be seen  
Beyond our cottage door;  
The flowers we thought would never  
Lie dead upon the sod;  
And then we sigh for peace and rest  
Within the arms of God.

—Matthias Barr.

### Miscellaneous.

#### CONCERT OF WAR SONGS.

Friday, August 24, Union and Confederate war songs were sung by the great choir in the amphitheatre. Judge Abner Tourgee responded in behalf of the North; Atticus G. Haygood in behalf of the South.

#### ADDRESS BY REV. DR. HAYGOOD.

Dr. Haygood was received with the Chautauqua salute, and coming forward took two of the toy flags from the stand and held them in his hand, which act was greeted with rounds of applause. He said: I am glad that Georgia is on that flag. [Applause.] I have seen the day that I would have died under the other, and if you cannot take me into the Union on that basis, count me a heathen and publican. [Applause.]

There are many differences and yet many resemblances. I saw out there—and I will not look that way now—a woman crowned with the glory of gray hairs. When the first battle-song was sung, she quivered with memories, the tears coursed down her cheeks, Johnny did not come marching home to her. She was strangely like a mother who lives in my town, about the same age, with one boy shot through the head on the Potomac, the other buried from a hospital in Richmond. Both of these women love God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I know would help one another and love each other. So we are alike as to many things, in our heart-aches and griefs.

I am very much obliged to the Professor and these admirable singers for trying to sing a rebel war song. They can't do it. [Applause.] But if there were a few of Stonewall Jackson's men here and it was the year 1862, they could sing it. But we don't sing it now. I have not tried to sing that song or any other army hymn in a long time, hardly since Appomattox. But nobody who has got the heart of a man in him will ask me to-day to be ashamed that I did sing them once. [Applause.] But we do not sing them now. We have buried them for the most part that flag we followed for four long years fighting for what we believed was the right thing. I said there are also differences. O, if we could put ourselves in each other's places! Sometimes when I read your papers that don't understand us, or read our papers that don't understand you, I am reminded of a short speech made by an old Frenchman in Atlanta. We had been organizing home guards and made him surgeon. One night we had a meeting and called on him for a speech. He said:

"Fellow-citizens, I am in one bad fix to make a speech, for last night a storm come and blow down my stable, and some one steal my buggy and my cow run away. I tell you we must wish this fight. I have been in my own country in two revolutions; in one I was the conqueror and in the other I was the conquered. There is a great deal of difference in those two little letters, d and r."

When the wise men and women of the North have learned the difference between the two letters, D and R, we will not need to explain to each other. There will be so many grounds for patience, and toleration, and broad manliness, that by that time we will forget the war, except in the good things that in the providence of God it brought to this whole country. [Applause.] I will tell you how I do my children I do not know whether I represent a class, for I never asked. I teach them that this flag represents our Union that is God's gift to us, that is worth dying for. Then if they ask me who Robert Lee or Stonewall Jackson was, what we mean in April when we strew flowers over the humble graves of our dead soldiers, I tell them who they were, that they were brave, true men. I do not teach my children to despise their kindred who fought and died. You would hate me if I did. [Applause.]

Hardly anybody is mad now about this matter. [Laughter.] We

have got one old man in Georgia, and you may have one or two in New York, for all I know, who get madder the farther they get from the war. [Laughter.] They remind me of an old countryman in my State who started to market with a load of apples in a cart with his wife. They crossed a little ferry, and coming out the hind-board of the cart broke loose and the apples all rolled into the river. The old man was mad, but for a time he said nothing. He sat down to contemplate the scene. His wife went to the house. He did not come, and, after awhile, she said to her boy, "Go down to the ferry, and see what has become of your daddy." He came back without his father. "He won't come." "What is he doing?" "He is sittin' there cussin'." [Great laughter and applause.]

For the most part that sort did not fight much. What are you going to do about them? I will tell you what some papers do. If it happens to be one of our men, your papers take him to be a representative of the South, and if it happens to be some one in the North, some of our papers are foolish enough and mean enough to call him a representative of the North. What are we going to do with these men sitting down there at the ferry cursing twenty years after the fighting? Let them curse on. [Laughter.] But go on raise more apples. [Long continued applause and laughter.]

I pity a Southern man whose convictions of honor and sense of historic position are so feebly based that he gets into a rage every time that a Northern man disagrees with him. And I pity a Northern man who must explode every time some Southerner chances not to agree with him. Our people would be unworthy your respect if they should pretend to change their convictions in a day. But there are changes going on. I might give you some illustrations of the gradual change of opinion, an honest change, where men and women are doing their best. But time forbids. People who always stay at home generally have very fixed ideas, with deep roots, but they are not wide ones.

I am much obliged to Judge Tourgee for the many strong and admirable points made in his speech. I want to tell you; if these States in which I have lived are to be counted in this Union, you ought to ask of us this: Fidelity to the Constitution and its amendments, to the Declaration of Independence and this flag, and no more. [Applause.] There is in the Citadel square at Quebec, a beautiful monument, that could not have been built by Pagan nations. It is in sight of the fields of Abraham, where brave Englishmen, following the flag of St. George, and brave Frenchmen following the lilies, went down in the blood and storm of battle. The brave leaders died that day and that monument in the Citadel square at Quebec has on one side the name of Montcalm, and on the other of Wolfe. What would you think of an Englishman and a Frenchman to-day who should meet at the base of that monument, and fall out with each other about the battle on the plains of Abraham? If it would not be right for the Englishman and the Frenchman to have heartburnings to-day, standing in such a place, how is it with us twenty years after the battle? Are not heart-burnings as much out of place?

Last night I was at a little station in Ohio waiting for the train. I was reading a good book. I will give you one sentence from it. "It is often said of men when they come to die that they become reconciled to their enemies." The author added, "They ought to do it now." I stand on that basis. [Applause.]

I will not keep you much longer. There are some circumstances brought up to-day that I understand much better than the choir. For instance, that "Marching Through Georgia" business. I tell you, the historic truth is in it. Poetry has written history; for you get mighty near all the gobbles [Applause and laughter]; and the most of the sweet potatoes [Applause and laughter]; and if ever an army had an easy time marching 300 miles on fair roads in dry weather, you had it. [Laughter.] Georgia had sent out about 130,000 men, but they were elsewhere. I have got a piece of news to tell you about that "Marching Through Georgia" that you don't know. On the road between my house and Atlanta is a little town near the Stone Mountain. Two months after you marched through, I went by that road, marching much. I was getting along the best I could with some very broken down mules that had lost their ordinary vivacity. I noticed in that little town not less than a dozen chimneys. I know what war does, it burns houses. That is what it means. War is hell. Pardon the roughness, that is what it is, war is hell. I saw as I came along of Chautauqua, that the last one of these chimneys had

a house built to it. It had stood for eighteen years or more, but this spring a house had been built to it, and I was glad.

We are raising boys there that some of these days, should there be occasion for it, which God forbid if it please Him, would fight under the flag, as the Highlanders whose ancestors fought under Bruce, fought for the flag of St. George. I did not come here for gush, but I am glad in my soul, as I said in the beginning, that Georgia is on that flag. [Applause.] I love this country, I believe in it, that it has a mission to the nations of this world, and that it will accomplish more than statesmen understand. But in the prophetic heart of the church there is a deep feeling something that the deliverance of every nation from bondage, the evangelization of the world largely belongs to this people. It could not have been done with a divided union. [Applause.] I say it with reverence in this place, it would have marred the stupendous plans of Divine Providence. But now, after all that God has done in setting men free in this country, we can go on, working out by his great help the noblest problem ever given to a civilized nation in this world.

Now, God keep us in the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, and this Book which is the magna charta of the world's intelligence and the world's freedom. [Prolonged applause.]

### THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A COLORED AND EX-CONGRESSMAN.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bishop R. H. Cain, ex-Congressman from South Carolina delivered an eloquent lecture last night at Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church on "The Negro Problem." The Bishop presented many of the characteristics of his race in this lecture in such a ridiculous light that the audience laughed continually.

The following is the substance of his remarks: I regard it as essential to the negro that he shall seek to establish his race, his quota of dignity among the nations of the earth. He has a problem, a place, a dignity. It belongs to him *per se*. It belongs to each nation to have a problem of its own. All nations should have an idea to make their race work up to it. I believe there are distinctive places in God's economy. Nations of men are distinctive in place and complex in their dispositions. All nations have clannishness. The Scotch, the Irish, the French are clannish, and we have peculiarities among ourselves. The negro problem is distinctive and peculiar. The German has a problem of his own—the English, the French have theirs.

#### HOW THEY CAME HERE.

The Europeans came to this country knowing something of the arts—some of the European nations came highly cultured—but the negro came to this country unlike them. He came chained, outraged, wronged—a crouching slave chained to everything that pertains to manhood, chained to everything that pertains to womanhood. He was chained 250 years.

There seemed to be no sunlight no beacon light to cheer him on. He was made the galley slave. The school was closed to him. Education was a sealed book. The church was closed against him. Thus, for 250 years this race was solving the problem of the negro. Yet with all of this he has thriven. There was not bondage enough in the system to crush out all the manhood of the negro man—not bondage enough to crush out all the womanhood of the negro woman. Simultaneously with the tramp of the warriors he has emerged from bondage.

The South found him an integral part of the Government. I find him as I find all other nations, bringing wealth and power to the country. Democrats and Republicans are in fierce contests as to who shall have the negro's vote. He is becoming the balance-wheel, as it were, in the politics of the country. The same is true in the financial and the commercial relations of the world. It seems the army could not conquer the South until the negro had put his big black foot into it, if you please. He had become a warrior and a sailor before the nation acknowledged him as an integral part of it. The German, the Scandinavian and every nation, what not, are part of it, and it could not be a true mongrel nation without the negro. You say it was a great blessing to come here; we learned the arts which we could not in Africa. Ah! we never learned to lie till we came here. We did not steal. You could drop your gold dust anywhere and no danger.

#### BLACKS VS. WHITE.

Professor Gillman in the *Popular Science Monthly* says he is afraid

the negro will over-top the white man in this country; that in 1990 at the present rate of increase of each race, the two will stand 190,000,000 blacks and 160,000,000 whites. The Irishman comes here with a shillalah and soon lays it down for the shovel and the hoe. The Frenchman comes with police literature. They all have something to bring. But they change and become Americans. The great question is how to make Americans stand out in bold relief. I like the Americans. I like the sturdy tramp of the German. A good deal is said of him, but the German keeps on taking soukran and succeeding. I like the Chinaman with his whing, whang, whung. I like the negro, for he makes the cotton and the sugar if you please. You could not have made the Englishmen dole—Paddy would have turned the field upside down if you had tried to make a slave of him.

The redeeming quality in the negro character is his love of the right. You do not know one negro who struck his mistress during the war. Yet the slaves knew as much about the problem as did General Lee. They knew that the whites were fighting to keep them in slavery. I thank God to-day that my race were so true to their trusts.

The negro is coming in the South. He is becoming wealthy, refined, a philosopher. He has not yet called into question the existence of God. He is not so big a fool. He has had a practical demonstration of His existence. He knew nowhere to go. If he looked to the right there was but a lash, to the left a rod. The old lady who sung, "Come near, dear chariot," hoped to ride away from slavery in that chariot. It was her only hope, anything to get away.

#### TIE NEGRO'S DESTINY.

The negro has a destiny as far-reaching, as deep-sounding, and up as high as any other race of men. The money spent in our education and for us is simply the restoration of some money stolen from us. The negro must educate himself. The white man cannot educate the negro. To educate you must get down into the social structure. The negro has not been to think for himself. He is fiddling away and dancing away and pining, and some of them don't own the sand in their shoes. We throw away our money. We have not got to go where we understand relationships. The negro dresses himself, puts a cigar in his mouth, and stands on the corner, arms akimbo, thinking he is a fine gentleman, and perhaps has a four weeks' unpaid board bill.

You complain that you don't have a chance. If I wanted to be a reporter, I would not ask these men for a chance. I would go down to that table and write. I don't think our black faces a hindrance. The cars go just the same. The negro must cope and sustain his position in the body social, in the body politic. I am alarmed at the increase of the negro population myself. There isn't a log cabin in the South but can turn out seven, some fifteen, all rollicking, "sassy." The whites don't know how to stop it. It can't be stopped. God has for the negro race a destiny. He is to occupy all the tropics. The white can't stand it down there. When the sun goes down he goes out. We must educate, and when the negro problem is solved the negro will take his place among the nations of the world, knowing he has solved the problem himself.

#### HER FIRST RAILWAY RIDE.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN INEXPERIENCED YOUNG WOMAN IN IDAHO.

A young lady well known on Wood river, who was born and raised in Idaho and who had never seen a steamboat or railway car, recently left for a trip south, and much interest was expressed here by her friends as to first impressions of the outer world. She always evinced such an even demeanor that many friends believed she would pass as an old traveler, but a letter just received from her escort proves that a young lady, even one of Idaho's fairest, and one that can calmly regard the wild Indian on the warpath, is unequal to the surprises of modern progress.

She became skittish at the approach of the evening lightning express, with its great bull-eye headlight, and actually pranced when the train reached the depot and blew a long, shrill whistle. Her friends could not quiet her or coax her, and finally, rather than be left, they blindfolded the young lady and by main force landed her safely on the train. The letter remarks it was fortunate the windows were so small, as she frequently attempted to get out, and could not be convinced that the telegraph poles, the hills and houses were not all whirling past her as she sat in the car, and every time they crossed a bridge she shut her eyes, believing the cars were flying in the air across the rivers.

### A HOG STORY.

It was at the beginning of the war. His regiment was marching through Louisiana by forced marches; for it is a solemn matter of fact that the first troops that went out from Texas were in very much of a hurry, because they feared that the war would be over before they could reach the tented field. They were afraid that the Virginians would swindle them out of their share of glory in taking Washington. While the Northern people were talking about a ninety days' war, the Texans thought it hardly worth while to start out, as the war would be over before they could get a chance to strike a blow. But to the story, which is best given in the language of the newspaper man himself:

"Just before dark one afternoon, we passed a comfortable looking farm-house, the owner of which was busily engaged, with a very anxious expression of countenance and a long pole, in driving a number of pigs under the house. The impression that forced itself upon us, on observing this conduct was that he thought the pigs would be safer and last longer, as far as his selfish wants were concerned, under his immediate supervision, than in any place where we could get at them. One of my comrades who was trudging along by my side, Bob Beasley, a proud, high-strung, sensitive fellow, but as honest, nevertheless, as the day is long, was stung to the quick by the action of the farmer; and turning to me, Bob said, 'That is an insult to our sacred cause and to every honest man in the regiment. Let us respect it. Let us teach this man to respect us. Let's go back there tonight and steal one of his darned old hogs, to show him that we won't stand any of his situations.'"

"I saw that Bob's feelings were hurt by the ungenerous conduct of the rustic and endeavored to calm him down but in vain. His blood was up. I agreed to assist him in wiping out the insult, on condition that I should have one-half of the pork. We camped a few miles from the house, and that night, although we were very tired, we cheerfully trudged back to the house where we had seen the farmer trying to steal the pigs from us. We quietly called a council of war and agreed upon a campaign plan. It was thought best not to make any unnecessary noise, as it might induce the farmer to come out and still further irritate us. All we really wanted was the hog. Bob Beasley was to crawl through the hole under the house and drive the hogs out, because he was more familiar with the habit of hogs than I was. I was to assume an offensive position, with a club, at the outside of the hole, and as soon as a hog came out I was to stun him with a blow, after which he was to be despatched and carried to camp. Bob crawled in on all-fours and pretty soon I heard a hog scrambling toward the hole. I drew back my club; and just as the porker came through the hole I gave him a tremendous blow. Bob Beasley gave a grunt for he was the hog. I had only dislocated his shoulder instead of knocking his brains out. The farmer, it seems, had added insult to injury by removing his hogs from under the house. He did not think they were safe even there.

"Bob expressed himself very forcibly. He used language to me which no soldier should use to a comrade. He was evidently much disappointed at not finding the hogs under the house. In the excitement of the moment I spoke emphatically in a low tone of voice of what I thought of the conduct of the farmer. I had a 'good notion' to inform the colonel of our regiment, and have the agriculturist imprisoned as a traitor. I should certainly have denounced his treachery, but I was afraid that if I said anything about the affair our motives for trying to kill the hog might have been misconstrued. I volunteered to carry Bob Beasley to camp on my back, which was only two or three miles off. I would not have volunteered if Beasley had not given me his solemn word of honor that he would assassinate me if I did not carry him cheerfully.

When I got to camp I had acquired a permanent curvature of the spine which is one of the offerings I cheerfully laid upon the altar of my country. Our devotion to principle was not appreciated by our comrades who would jeeringly call out 'How is your hog?' whenever we passed along the line. From that hour I instinctively felt that the cause of the confederacy was hopeless." [From "On a Mexican Mustang through Texas," by Editors of *Texas Siftings*.]

It is not exactly polite to refer to a deceased person as your warm friend.

Write on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cent. per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

### JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

### CIRCULAR.

COLUMBIA, S. C.,

Sept. 1883.

To the School Commissioner of Newberry County.

SIR:—Copies of the Text Books adopted for use in the Public Schools of this State are sent you by mail. This adoption will remain in force for five years from September 4th, 1883, unless changed by authority of the Legislature. Please distribute the lists among the several Boards of Trustees of your County. Additional copies will be furnished on application. By an Act of Legislature it is made unlawful to use, in the Public Schools, any Text Books other than those adopted by the State Board of Examiners. School Commissioners and school officers generally are urged, therefore, to enforce as far as practicable the use of the prescribed books. The following resolution has been adopted by the State Board of Examiners:

Resolved, That the examination of Teachers before County Boards of Examiners shall include a series of questions upon the Theory and Practice of Teaching; and that "Methods of Teaching," by John Swett, and "Art of School Management," by J. Baldwin, be recommended as books of reference.

In compliance with the terms of this resolution, the examination papers for January, 1884, will include a series of questions upon the Theory and Practice of Teaching. Please take such action as may seem to you most effective to acquaint the teachers of your County with this requirement of the State Board, in order that they may be prepared to stand the examination. Very respectfully,

A. COWARD,

State Superintendent of Education.

#### LIST OF TEXT BOOKS

Adopted for use in the Public Schools of South Carolina for the term of five years from September 4, 1883:

Readers—Appleton's, McGuffey's, Reynolds', Swinton's. Supplemental—Monteith's. Popular Science Reader, Shepherd's. Historical Reader, Johnson's. Geographical Reader, Appleton's. Reading Charts.

Histories—Davidson's History of South Carolina, Derry's United States, Swinton's Primary United States and Condensed United States, Swinton's Outlines of Universal History (in two parts).

Geographies—Appleton's Standard Series, Maury's Revised Series.

Arithmetics—Robinson's Series, Sanford's Primary, Sanford's Intermediate, Sanford's Common School Analytical, Venable's Practical. Grammars—Sill's Practical Lessons in English, with Whitney's Essentials (for highest classes), Reed and Kellogg's Series.

Dictionaries—Worcester's, Webster's.

Writing Books—Spencerian, Reynolds'.

Spellers—Swinton's Word Book, Swinton's Primer, Swinton's Word Primer, Swinton's Word Analysis. Drawing—Krusi's, Bartholomew's. Music—Song Books, Song Wave, Wavelet.

Agriculture—Lupton's Elementary Principles of Scientific Agriculture.

#### NOT A PIG.

"Well, sir, what'll you have?" said the waiter, as he brushed the crumbs off the table with a napkin, "Tomato soup."

"Anything else, sir?" "Some blue fish."

"With sauce?" "Yes; and a sirloin cooked rare and some fried potatoes."

"Anything else, sir?" "Green corn, baked beans, stewed tomatoes, and—a cup of tea, a slice of watermelon, a piece of gooseberry pie, some fruit cake, a plate of ice cream and some nuts and grapes."

"Any pudding, sir?" "Pudding! Didn't I order pudding?"

"No, sir." "Well, bring me some plum pudding."

"Anything else, sir?" "Anything else! Do you take me for a pig?"—*New York World*.

His REVENGE.—They were riding up from Wall Street ferry in a bus. He lifted his hat to her in a gingerly manner, and she bowed with the coldness of an iceberg.

"Know her?" asked a man at his elbow.

"Know her? Why, I was engaged to her last fall!"

"And she loved me, but she could not endure the thought of a struggle with a French flat and tapestry Brussels carpets. I went forth a crushed man, but revenge is mine!"

"How?"

"Why, her father put \$150,000 in a summer hotel, and the company hasn't made enough to pay wages of the head waiter!"—*Wall Street News*.